

Business Directory

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The White Terror

A Story With a Purpose

NOVELIZED BY FREDERICK R. TOOMBS, FROM THE SCENARIO BY RAYMOND L. SCHROCK, AND WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSAL FILM COMPANY

CHAPTER V.

When the Clock Struck Ten

THE doctor endeavored to reassure the millionaire about his daughter.

"If you send her to a sanatorium where she will have outdoor life, proper medicine and nourishing foods she will get well. That is what the Everytown Anti-tuberculosis society would recommend. This is as yet but an incipient case."

Then the physician gave Boyd a peculiar glance. There was something on his mind that he had long wanted to discuss with the father of his patient.

"Above all, Mr. Boyd," he said determinedly, "do not let her take any of your Sacc-Ozone."

Boyd's face flushed.

"Do you think my business is a scheme to obtain money under false pretenses? Do you really mean to insult me, to accuse me of a felony?"

The man of science waved his hand deprecatingly.

"No, I do not mean any insult, but as your family physician it is my duty to tell you that your daughter will die if you administer any Sacc-Ozone to her or any other of a hundred or more of these so-called 'Sure Cures.'"

His voice rose to a high pitch, and he exclaimed vehemently:

"One of the chief processes in the cure of disease is diagnosis. How can a bottle of your Sacc-Ozone or a bottle of your celebrated Multikural diagnose a case of any kind? Have they the power of thinking and speaking? Did they ever study for years under trained professors and have the benefit of advice from the noted medical books of the world?"

Boyd's head hung in shame. He realized the truth of the doctor's words. His adviser continued:

"Why, my dear man, the hospitals and the tenements of every great city are teeming with victims of patent medicines and are now in the last stages of their maladies. Don't you continue to be a party to legalized murder. The manipulations of the patent medicine lobby in Washington are responsible for as many deaths as the civil war!"

"Thank you, doctor," was Boyd's answer. "I will do with Eleanor as you suggest. I will send her to Dr. Rankford's sanatorium at East Tarrytown."

In parting the physician decided to make one more strong appeal to Boyd's conscience while it was wavering between wealth and duty.

"Mythology tells us," he said, "that a sacrifice of twelve Athenian young men and women was made yearly to the Minotaur, a savage, half human beast owned by a rival king, to pay a certain indemnity. Such a cruel decree brought forth many heroes, eager to battle the terrible monster."

"Modern fact teaches us that a sacrifice of nearly a million men and women and children is made yearly to the great white plague, tuberculosis, to pay

for ignorance and unsanitary conditions.

"Are we going to stand idly by and see this awful death toll go on?"

Boyd stared fixedly at the physician, then said in serious tones:

"You have handed me a very severe indictment. I will have your statements investigated."

Eleanor's fever rose slightly during the evening, probably because of a presentiment that had vaguely haunted her regarding Brand. She knew that Duncan and her father would not let him pass unscathed while the Clarion continued its crusade. The workman finally oppressed her mind to such an extent that she reached over to an extension telephone on a table at her bedside. She would call up Brand. She must have a talk with him.

She was connected with the editorial room of the paper and asked for Brand. Suddenly the girl's eyes extended in horror. She gasped convulsively.

"My God!" she shrieked and fell back in a faint on the pillow. The telephone and receiver fell clattering to the floor from her nerveless fingers.

At the same moment in his library, where he had been pacing restlessly up and down, Emmerson Boyd was seen to pause momentarily and throw up his hands with a horrified expression.

A terrible sound crashed over the city—crashed into his ears. He bolted toward the window. A great red cloud swept up from the direction of city hall square. He sank back weakly.

"What has Duncan done—heaven's what has he done?" he choked. "It must be murder!" The usually calm features of the magnate were blanched and tensely drawn as his guilty conscience applied the full measure of its torture.

The fatal hour of 10 had arrived, the hour set by Duncan to meet his criminal accomplices at the Clarion building!

Duncan and his two aids proceeded, wholly intent on the success of their foul task, that eventful night. They met at their rendezvous in the rear of the Clarion building just as the city hall clock pealed out the appointed hour. They finally decided on the most advisable place for their bomb. Duncan's two dupes left Duncan lurking in an alleyway and skulked craftily toward the back doorway of the Clarion building with the bomb.

Duncan awaited their return expectantly.

Much to his disgust, in a few minutes the men came running back with the bomb.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Two coppers in sight?" they gasped. "Cowards! Pools!" snarled Duncan. "Give me that little toy!"

He seized the bomb and started on a run for the rear entrance of the building. Undiscovered he reached a gloomy hallway extending along a wall of the managing editor's office. Swiftly and surely he unwrapped the fatal missile and laid it against the surbase. He pressed the little button that started the clock apparatus inside which would explode the dynamite in four minutes—plenty of time for him to escape in the gathering darkness.

Boom! Crash!

Walls rocked. Ceilings fell. Floors and furniture throughout the structure

SACC-OZONE

NATURE'S CURE

FOR

TUBERCULOSIS

BOYD CHEMICAL CO.

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were blown to splinters and heaped in confused masses of debris.

Flames began to creep through the structure, and huge clouds of smoke rolled eastward before a rising wind.

Editor Cole and Matthew Brand, busily engaged in preparing additional reform copy for the next morning's edition, did not escape the effect of the miscreant's act.

A piece of wall struck Cole and knocked him insensible. Brand, struck down by falling plaster and cut by flying glass, reeled backward to the floor with a broken arm.

Police and firemen, soon to the scene of the catastrophe, took many bodies from the ruins. Brand and Cole and several other members of the staff were still breathing when dragged from the suffocating smoke.

One of the bodies found, which was to be silent forever, was that of the loathsome Duncan.

He had paid the price for his crime and cheated the law of its right to do it for him. The wages of sin is death. Duncan's messenger of destruction had exploded prematurely by reason of defective mechanism.

Emmerson Boyd, appalled by the result of the conspiracy now that it was actually consummated, was prostrated at his home.

He was forced to drug himself in order to sleep. And in sleep grim specters pursued him, haunted his brain. He saw a great graveyard. The tombstones were marked "Sacc-Ozone" and "Multikural," and skeletons and ghosts of men, women and children paraded before him. They pointed accusing fingers at him. They heaped curses on him. They wept. Then they would

dance, leering at Boyd in hysterical laughter. Sometimes he thought he could hear the rattle of arm and skull joints.

He awoke. A great transformation had transpired in the heart and soul of Emmerson Boyd. Penitent tears streamed down his cheeks. He knelt at his bedside and prayed to Almighty God for forgiveness. He would devote the remaining years of his life laboring for the welfare of Everytown.

The papers endeavored to connect him with the crime when one of the dead was recognized as that of Duncan. The accepted theory, however, finally was that Duncan was in the building to have another conference with Brand, if possible.

The editor and his backer, now in the city hospital, were found to be seriously but not fatally hurt. Their recovery was assured, and a bulletin to that effect issued by the hospital staff gave widespread joy among the public.

Eleanor, strengthened by the treatment of her physician, was soon able to be up and around for a few days and prepare to go to the sanatorium. She noticed that a great change had come over her father. He would sit in his library and gaze out of a window for long periods, evidently in a pronounced reflective mood, most unusual, she knew, for that big, active brain and body that for years had been almost superhuman in physical energy.

Eleanor sent for Brand to say good-bye before she left for East Tarrytown and to talk to him about the transformation in her father's attitude. She felt that she knew the reason for it. She wanted Brand to be informed on the subject, and now she felt instinctively that he and Brand could be brought together in friendly bonds.

Matthew, now able to superintend the rebuilding of the Clarion establishment, although with his arm in a sling, was sore in heart at Eleanor's trouble with her health, but overjoyed at her belief that he and her father could meet on a friendly basis.

He knew that with the sincere cooperation of the manufacturer he could do worlds to fight the great white plague in most telling manner.

Brand found Eleanor's conclusions to be well founded.

It was a different Emmerson Boyd that now listened attentively to the enthusiastic humanitarian from the overbearing Emmerson Boyd who ordered the then despised "young reformer" out of his mansion.

"I tell you, Mr. Boyd," said Brand, walking up and down the library, his voice vibrant with enthusiasm, "if we work together with the doctors in this war on disease we can decrease the death rate not only in Everytown, but throughout the entire country, in a surprising manner. I am convinced from my investigations that we can save 500 lives a year in this city alone."

Then he paused significantly.

"But you know the most important thing that I have in mind that you could do?"

Boyd looked Matthew squarely in the eye. Then he swung around and directed his eyes out of the window. After a few moments he turned back to Brand.

Eleanor, a spectator of the drama, sprang forward and clutched her father's arm. She drew his head down to hers and kissed him tenderly.

"Father, do as Matthew says. I know what he means. Remember what the doctor told you. Do it, father; please do."

Emmerson Boyd thrust the girl gently away.

He stepped forward and grasped Brand's hand and shook it warmly.

"I will do what you want and what Eleanor desires and, after all, I guess what most of the public and the doctors would have me do."

His voice then took on a firmer tone.

"I will try," he went on, "to readjust my affairs so that I will not have to manufacture any more Sacc-Ozone and Multikural."

"Great, great!" cried Brand in pure exultation.

"Oh, daddy, I'm so glad," exclaimed Eleanor. "Now we can all be so happy together—then her voice saddened—"when I get well and come back home."

"You will come back safe and sound," said Boyd soothingly.

Then he looked meaningfully from one to the other. He was about to tell them something that he well knew they were most anxious to hear.

"I want to tell you, children," he said in tones of emotion, "that I withdraw all objection to your marriage. In fact, I command it."

He turned from them as Matthew took Eleanor into his arms.

It is one year since the eventful meeting between Matthew Brand and Emmerson Boyd, when Eleanor Boyd made peace between them. Eleanor has returned from the sanatorium thoroughly cured, and she has been the bride of Matthew Brand these six months.

Everytown promptly expressed its gratitude when its people read in the columns of the New Clarion this unexpected announcement:

CLEANING UP EVERYTOWN.
NOTED MILLIONAIRE, EMMERSON BOYD, BECOMES A PHILANTHROPIST. WILL DEVOTE IMMENSE FORTUNE TO IMPROVING CONDITIONS IN OUR COMMUNITY.

Boyd's first step was to found a handsome sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis, which he endowed and turned over to the Everytown Anti-tuberculosis society. He tore down the old tenements of the Boyd corporation and put up rows of individual brick

houses with latest sanitary improvements. He raised the scale of pay in the various departments and subsidiary companies of the Boyd corporation to give the men a living wage, and he reconstructed his different buildings to provide clean, healthful surroundings for his employees. Reading and lunch rooms in his factories were among the reforms he inaugurated.

In addition he bought a tract of seven acres on the outskirts of the city and presented it to Everytown as a park, "in memory," he said before the common council, "of my late beloved wife."

At the elaborate banquet given Boyd at the dedication of the Boyd sanatorium a popular toast was pronounced by Matthew Brand when he arose and said:

"Here's to the health of Emmerson Boyd, Everytown's great benefactor."

"This demonstration has moved me more than I can tell," spoke Emmerson



Brand Was Able to Be About Again.

Boyd, rising amid the applause which greeted his name. "I am now convinced that the lesson of true happiness in this life is taught only by each individual following the dictates of his conscience."

He aroused still further favor when he said, waving a sheet of printed paper before him:

"I am going to urge the legislature to adopt the following amendments to the state labor law:

"First—All factories shall be well lighted, well ventilated and kept clean. All gases, vapors, dust or other impurities injurious to health which are generated in manufacturing processes shall be as far as practicable rendered harmless."

"Second—Adequate washing and sanitary facilities shall be provided."

"Third—Hoods, suction pipes, fans or blowers shall be provided for the protection of persons using emery wheels or other apparatus which produce particles of dust injurious to the health of the employees."

"Fourth—Suitable receptacles for excretion shall be provided for in all factories."

"Fifth—Women shall be provided with suitable seats in shops and child labor shall be properly regulated."

"Sixth—There shall be medical examination of all help."

"Seventh—A Sanitary Housing Commission shall be formed, the chairman of which shall be a physician, which commission will have power to compel landlords to provide sanitary dwellings for their tenants."

"Eighth—A Commission for the Prevention of Tuberculosis to be created, having an appropriation of \$100,000 placed at its disposal. This commission to investigate as to the best possible means to halt the ravages of 'The White Terror.'"

The enthusiasm of the citizens rose to a still higher pitch when Brand said these words:

"I propose another toast, ladies and gentlemen. Here's to the decreased death rate of Everytown. It has fallen off 8 per cent in the last year, and during the next twelve months we believe it will go still lower. Also we should drink to the new Workmen's Compensation board, the Free Municipal Dispensary established through Mr. Boyd's influence and to the trained nurses brought to Everytown at his expense to work among the poor."

It was the new Emmerson Boyd who walked from the banquet hall with Eleanor and Matthew Brand.

"I never knew until the last year," he said gravely, "how much happiness there is to be gained in working to benefit your fellow townspeople. We will make Everytown the model city of the country."

"Yes, father," Eleanor whispered softly. "I know you will, and I know you are doing just what mother would have you do."

THE END.

PROBATE OF WILL

ESTATE OF OTIS GODING.

STATE OF VERMONT, District of Caledonia, ss. The Honorable Probate Court for the District of Caledonia: To all persons interested in the estate of Otis Goding, late of Burke, in said District deceased, Greeting:

At a Probate Court, holden at St. Johnsbury within and for said District on the 10th day of August, A. D. 1915, an instrument purporting to be the last will and Testament of Otis Goding, late of Burke, in said District, deceased, was presented to the Court aforesaid, for Probate.

And it is ordered by said Court that the 28th day of August, A. D. 1915, at the Probate Office in said St. Johnsbury, be assigned for proving said instrument; and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Caledonian, a newspaper circulating in that vicinity, in said District, previous to the time appointed.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court, at the time and place aforesaid, and contest the probate of said will, if you have any claim to make.

Given under my hand at St. Johnsbury, in said District, this 10th day of August, A. D. 1915.

WALTER P. SMITH, Judge.

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WEST LUNENBURG
(Mrs. W. H. Carpenter, correspondent.)

Fred Lord of Groveton, N. H., was the guest of his father, David Lord, the past week.

Mrs. Gertrude Carpenter was in Concord Sunday.

Herbert Garland is cutting the hay on the Simons place.

Andrew Lyon of Concord was in this place Sunday.

Henry Covey has returned from Burke where he has been working.

Lewis Nichols is cutting Hanson Perkins' hay.

Mrs. Orange Blood spent Sunday at her home here.

John Covey was in Groveton, N. H., one day last week.

William Gray of Colebrook was was calling on friends Sunday.

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